

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Inga Pompy

By Claire Boyle Bracken

"T'S a long journey for the lad," Mrs. Scott looked wistfully at her younger son, Stuart.

"I know, Mother," her husband replied. "It's a good twenty-five miles to John's place. But I promised to send him the seed and I need Henry's help so sorely in the spring's planting."

"Nonsense, Mother!" Stuart came to and beside her, stretching up to his full height and smiling down at her small stature. "I'm not a little boy any more. I'm almost as tall as Father if I am only fourteen years old. And I'm not afraid to ride Peg anywhere."

Mrs. Scott was not satisfied. "I fear there may be Indians along the trail. Everyone says the Bannocks are bitter over Colonel Bernard's victory last winter and some of them may still be on the warpath."

"They wouldn't be over on Stony Creek, Mother," Henry, the older son, spoke up quickly. "They're all living up at the reservation now. I wish I could take Stuart's place."

Stuart ran his fingers through his patch of bright red hair. "Don't you think my rusty top would make a handsome scalp-lock, Brother?"

"Tut, tut, boys, do not jest of such matters!" Their father spoke sternly. "I'd like well enough to go myself, but there's work here at home for Henry and you. Stuart must take the seed to Brother John."

Mrs. Scott's heart was heavy as she hunted out the treasured hoard of garden seed. The Bannock Indians of southern Idaho, consigned to the reservation at Fort Hall, had grown bitter at the white settlers' invasion of their hunting grounds. They resented the destruction of the camas root, a plant which had been their favorite food when it grew plentifully over the meadows which the white men termed, "Camas Prairie." A few months before some of the more turbulent Indians had suddenly risen against the white settlers. They left a trail of slaughter and destruction across the central part of the state, before they were

decisively defeated by a troop of United States cavalry.

Stuart was jubilant next morning at the prospect of making the long ride alone, but his face sobered as he looked into his mother's anxious eyes.

"God go with thee, son," she said earnestly as she entrusted the precious bundle to his care. "You'll keep a sharp lookout for Indians, won't you?"

"Yes, Mother, I'll be careful."

Leaving his home in the foothills, the

rapidly away in proof of his utter fearlessness.

Evening shadows were purpling the black canyon walls as he rode down the steep "grade" to his uncle's home on Stony Creek. "Uncle John" and "Aunt Sarah" who had no children of their own, were overjoyed at Stuart's coming. They were eager to detain him, but the boy knew too well his mother's anxiety. After a visit of two days he was on the trail again.



boy rode across the valleys of Lava and Willow creeks, till he came to the wide, sage-brush-covered plains along the Snake River. Mindful of his mother's counsel, he looked frequently to right and left, but he saw nothing except an occasional rabbit or coyote.

About noon he came upon a small herd of cattle. He stopped for a brief conversation with the lonely rancher who was driving them.

"Haven't seen any Indians hereabouts?" Stuart called to the rancher as they parted.

"Not a sign of them for months, sonny," his friend replied. "I reckon Colonel Bernard gave them such a good lickin' over on South Mountain that they're willin' to stay up around Fort Hall where they belong. Ye ain't skeered, air ye?"

"Oh, no!" Stuart answered, galloping

It was a morning of brilliant sunshine, such as spring brings to the valleys of southern Idaho. Gazing far across the desert to the distant foothills, the boy could see no living creature, but he felt no loneliness as he pressed on, eager to reach home before night.

He had started down into the valley of Lava Creek when his horse drew up suddenly, sniffing the air and stepping lightly between the stones.

"Well, Peg," said the boy, "what's the matter? You walk as if you were stepping on eggs."

The horse continued to sniff the air as if in fear.

Stuart gently stroked his shoulder. "Why, Peg, Peggy, Pegasus, I never knew you to be so queer. Maybe there's a bear down there in the willows. Hurry up, Peg! Let's have a look at old bruin."

Suddenly the horse gave a snort of

fright and wheeled sharply to the right, nearly throwing his rider. Stuart looked behind him and there, motionless as a bronze statue, was a mounted Indian. Stuart turned to the left. Was he seeing double? There was another Indian, the exact counterpart of the first. Suppressing a shout of terror, the boy wheeled his horse about, intending to ride back out of the valley. A third bronze statue blocked his way!

Thinking that his only chance of escape lay in out-running the Indians, Stuart raced his horse down the trail. As he slowed down for a steeper portion of the descent, he looked back. There were the three Indians in the positions in which he had at first seen them, to his right, to his left, and in the rear. When Stuart stopped, the Indians stopped. When he advanced, they advanced.

By a strange twist of humor, the boy recalled the rancher's question of a few days before. "Ye ain't skeered, air ye?" "Skeered!" Stuart suddenly realized that his cap was gone and every shining hair on his head was standing on end.

Straight ahead were thick clumps of willows growing along the creek. The boy made one last desperate rush, hoping to evade his pursuers under cover of the willows.

As they reached the trees, the Indians gave a great shout and closed in upon him. Immediately the terrified boy was surrounded, not by three but by dozens of Indians, — men, women, and children. They came running from all directions, shouting, laughing, pointing at Stuart, saying over and over, "Inga Pompy! Inga Pompy!"

They pulled him off his horse and ran their dirty hands through his pockets, taking his knife and some small change. One old squaw rubbed a greasy hand over Stuart's head, grinning as she repeated the mystic formula, "Inga Pompy! Inga Pompy!" Did she mean they were going to scalp him?

The hubbub continued as they pushed and shoved him toward the largest of a number of deerskin tepees, which the willows had hidden from his view. In the doorway sat a grave old Indian, whose dress and bearing indicated that he was the chief. He motioned for Stuart to be seated on a piece of buckskin which a squaw laid down in front of the tepee. Then he paid no more attention to the boy, while the squaw placed food before him, — venison and some dried berries.

Stuart knew that he dared not reject their hospitality, if such it was. He wondered if it was the Indians' custom to feed a prisoner before they scalped him. He tried to eat, but every mouthful choked him.

As he sat in silent apprehension beside the stolid chief, some of the squaws and younger Indian boys came and stood at a little distance, staring at him with curious, unfriendly eyes.

Miss Crocus

BY DOROTHY L. KINNEY

"Oh, ho!" said Miss Crocus and rubbed her blue eyes,
"Mother Nature's awaking; if I would surprise
The folks who are watching to see me appear,
I must be a-stirring for springtime is near."

So she poked her way slowly right up through the ground,
And gently peeped out and looked all around,
She saw Mr. Sunshine and felt his warm smile,
"It's Spring," said Miss Crocus, "and I'll stay awhile."

Then she eagerly jumped up and sat in the grass,
To nod and to smile at the people who pass.
She smoothed out her petals and settled right down,
The first little crocus to bloom in the town.

At last Stuart spied a solitary Indian riding down the trail over which he had come. As he drew near, the squaws and children gathered around him, making a great noise and motioning toward Stuart. He could hear them repeating the fearful words, "Inga Pompy." Was this the executioner for whom they had been waiting?

The frightened boy dared not lift his eyes from the ground as the Indian dismounted and respectfully approached the chief, who spoke to him briefly in the Indian language.

The newcomer turned to Stuart. "How," he said, "heap scare?"

Startled at the English words, Stuart raised his eyes. Before him stood a round little brown man, with his hand extended in the friendliest fashion. There was nothing of the Indian about him except his straight black hair and shining black eyes. Plainly, this was a half-breed.

Too astonished to speak, Stuart nodded in reply.

"No scare," the half-breed continued. "Injun frien'. Hunt bear" — waving his hand toward the mountains — "four, five, seven days. Injun go 'way," pointing to the north.

"Me, Wapi John," he went on, pointing to himself. "Inga Pompy," pointing to Stuart's red head. "Red Man. Injun no kill Red Man. No scalp Red Man. Inga Pompy. Red Man."

At his command one of the squaws went into a nearby tepee, coming back with a pair of soft buckskin moccasins, gayly decorated with beads.

Wapi John gave the moccasins to Stuart. "Now go home. Tell white man Injun frien'. Now what you give me?"

In an inner pocket of Stuart's shirt was a bright new dollar which the Indians had overlooked. His uncle had given it to him at parting. It seemed a small fortune to the boy but he took it out without a moment's hesitation and handed it to Wapi John, who accepted it with childlike pleasure.

The squaw who had brought the moccasins now appeared with Stuart's horse.

"Now," said Wapi John again, "you go home."

Stuart lost no time in obeying the command. As he rode away the Indians laughed and shouted and he heard again the phrase which had so terrified him, "Inga Pompy." He passed his hand gratefully through his red hair.

Pegasus galloped as if he had borrowed the wings of his mythical ancestor, and Stuart reached home before dark.

Some of the neighboring ranchers proposed to engage the Indians in battle, but Mr. Scott argued that they were within their treaty rights and had proven their friendliness to his son. The Indians were allowed to continue their hunt without molestation. In a few weeks they returned peaceably to the reservation.

The Snow Leopard that Uncle Sam Bought

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

SNOW leopards are rare. When Uncle Sam had a chance to buy one from a dealer he was willing to pay one thousand dollars for the animal. Not many American zoological parks have snow leopards numbered with their living pictures of life in other lands. Before paying for the animal, though, Uncle Sam consulted the chief keeper. This authority at the National Zoo said, the minute he looked at the leopard, that she was ready to die.

"She is too sick to be accepted," he advised. "She should be returned immediately."

The dealer was sorry about that leopard. He knew she was sick and that she would surely die if she returned to him. He begged Mr. Blackburne to keep her, because if any one in the world could save her life he could. If she died, the dealer would expect no pay.

Mr. Blackburne was sorry for the sick leopard. She was dreadfully ill. She didn't eat anything for two days, but fortunately the animal was thirsty. She would drink water.

That leopard had to have medicine. The keeper gave it to her in her drinking water, big doses at a time. He began with quinine and the leopard made no fuss at all although the water was bitter. She didn't have to refuse to take medicine as she didn't know what was happening. She drank more water and more water and with every drink, down went more doses of medicine.

The second day she felt a wee bit better and took a bite of pigeon meat. The third day she ate half a pigeon. The fourth day the sick leopard ate a whole pigeon. The next day she ate a pigeon in the morning and a pigeon in the afternoon.

The snow leopard was no longer a sick animal. She got well so fast that all her friends were happy. The dealer admitted that she would surely have died if her doctor had not known how to take care of her.

So the leopard stayed at the Zoo, where she had found such a good home, and Uncle Sam had to pay only eight hundred dollars for her instead of one thousand.

That was in November, 1919. The snow leopard soon grew big and strong, and you should see the graceful creature now in her fine fur coat in an out-of-door cage at the Zoo. She is happy and contented from one year's end to another and looks as if she might ask you to call again the next time you are in Washington.

Church-School News

Church School Broadcast is the appropriate name given to the three-page news sheet published by All Souls' Church School of Washington, D. C. In their announcement, the editors say: "We want to broadcast the good news about our Church School — to know ourselves what is going on and to let others know. Of course, not all of them listen in on our wave length, but the more we broadcast, the more friends we shall make."

The first number contains much information about the school and shows an attendance record of which any school might be proud, the average attendance for December being 223, — 38 more than the average for December, 1925.

This first number was mimeographed by courtesy of the Junior Alliance.

The boys of the Roslindale Unitarian Church have organized a club to be called the "Boys' Unity Club." Meetings are to be held weekly. The aim of the club is "to lead 'the strong, clean life.'" The motto is "To serve." The pledge —

"To be true, for there are those who trust me.
To be pure, for there are those who care.
To be strong, for there is much to suffer.
To be brave, for there is much to dare.
To be friend of all — the foe, the friendless.
To be giving, and forget the gift.
To be humble, for I know my weakness.
To look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

The pageant prepared for Humane Sunday, on April third, by Mrs. Isabel Kimball Whiting, celebrating the 700th



THE CROW'S NEST

BY
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

This morning we continue "The Story of a Bridge" begun in *The Beacon* for March 6 and running through the month. CHAPTER TWO—PASS AND LET PASS
Text: Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him.—Matthew 5: 25.

As the grappling chieftains disappeared beneath the waves of the river the eyes of their tribesmen on either bank rose from the streak of bloody foam and met across the canyon. There was no shout, no war cry. The finest of each tribe, the best and bravest had been taken forever from the council fires of his tribesmen. Each had gone as a fighter, bold and strong, never to return. Never again would he speak wisdom with the old men; never again would he leap from rock to rock, leading the young men in the hunt; never again would he speak cheer to the people from the Council Rock at summer festivals or in winter famine. The tribes had had much and hoped for much from these young men. Only a memory was theirs and the river bore away their hopes!

In silence the tribesmen gathered closer upon the cliffs and faced each other across the canyon. Between them lay the two narrow strips of plank still to be crossed and leading perhaps to fairer lands beyond the farther canyon wall. Each bridge had been laid for a purpose. Neither tribe would give up its purpose. Two other chieftains were starting!

anniversary of the Life of St. Francis of Assisi, is now ready for use in the church schools and may be obtained at 16 Beacon Street, Boston. The recognition of this day in our churches and schools is very heartily endorsed by Mr. Waitstill Sharp and other members of the Department of Religious Education.

From England comes the word that "Animal Sunday" has been celebrated there for forty years, and from two thousand pulpits on that day sermons are now preached on the subject of Kindness.

A prize contest for the best poster showing kindness to animals and the protection of those who cannot speak for themselves is being held at Bulfinch Place

Steadily they advanced over the bending planks of their own footway. The current of Defeat thundered the law of destruction from below. The tribesmen on both sides watched their champion go surely forward toward that red spot in the middle of the bridges beyond which no man had passed in either direction.

At six paces on each side of the middle the chieftains halted and faced one another. Each read courage and resolution in the face of the stranger, the will to pass and the fear of no word or sword raised to bar his way. Each ran his eye over the powerful frame, the armor, and the sheathed sword of the other, tightened his belt, laid his right hand upon the hilt of his sword and stepped forward.

One, two, three paces in silence, four eyes meeting in a steady gaze of challenge and inquiry and four feet moving unguided for a way along the planks. And then as they were near enough almost for their breaths to mingle, each glanced down at his own footbridge for his next step which should bring him to the shoulder of his rival.

The bridges were narrow but well made and flexible, and though laid close together, would allow the passage of the champions.

With muscles taut and hands gripping the hilts of their swords, the chieftains took the final steps that brought them eye to eye. Then another step and they passed! The tribes gathered on the cliffs heard the clash of the armor on their shoulders as they brushed past each other and continued steadily on their way across the bridges.

On they came, the distance widening between the champions as it lessened between each champion and the foreign tribe which he was approaching on the cliffs. As if by common consent each throng at the bridge end parted and the strange chief passed down an open lane between the two silent groups and out into the distant country.

Toleration had come into the world out of strength and forbearance.

Church, Boston. Pupils of all our church schools are invited to enter. The poster must be on cardboard, twelve by eighteen inches in size, and handed in to the May Lend-a-Hand Club, Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, on or before April 16th. Prizes will be awarded on April 23d, at the "Bird Lecture," when Mr. Avis will whistle.

"Now boys," said the teacher, "can any of you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

"Yes, sir!" cried one.

"Well, my boy, explain it to the rest."

"I understood my father to say that they smelt it, sir."

—Our Dumb Animals.



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

8 TAKOMA AVE.,

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Editor: I should like to join the Beacon Club. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Mr. Atwater, our organist, plays a selection every Sunday; sometimes I guess what it is. I have my mother for my Sunday-school teacher. I am in the fifth grade in school and Sunday school. Our minister is Dr. Pierce.

Yours truly,

ELEANOR DAWKINS.

FORT FAIRFIELD, ME.

Dear Editor: I have subscribed for *The Beacon* for the past four or five years and enjoy it very much. I am fourteen years old and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and receive letters from the members. Perhaps I may be able to write something for the Club's Column sometime.

Yours truly,

KATHLEEN B. BURTT.

81 SCHOOL ST.,
WINCHENDON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a new member of the Unitarian Sunday School. I have heard a lot about the Beacon Club and wish to be a member. I have been enjoying the letters the boys and girls have sent in, and hope they will write to me also.

Your loving friend,

LILLIAN STENSON.

2160 PRINCETON AVE.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church in St. Paul. Mr. Eliot is our minister. I am a stamp collector. I have some stamps from Europe that I would like to exchange with someone. I think it would be very nice if there was a stamp column in *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,

ROLAND KEES. (AGE 13).

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Dear Club Members: One of our boys, Richard Schultes, of East Boston, Mass., asks if there are many of our members who are interested in music. He says he takes piano lessons, is very much interested in music and musicians, and would like a "corner" in our paper devoted to this subject. We may not be able to have such a "corner" regularly, but we should like to have articles of not more than 300 words from any of our members who are especially interested along this line. Richard has sent us an article on Mendelssohn which we are publishing below.

BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Mendelssohn

Felix Mendelssohn was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1809. His father was a banker. He played the piano well at eight, and before he was fifteen he had composed four operas. In 1829 he went to London, where he made a great success at the piano and organ. In 1835 he settled in Leipzig and directed "Gewandhaus" concerts. He married a clergyman's daughter. In 1843 he founded the Leipzig Conservatory, of vast influence. His greatest work was "Elijah," which was produced in London in 1846. In 1847, Felix Mendelssohn, a world-known composer, died.

Other new members of our Club are — Georgia Gross and Clara Perkins, Castine, Me.; Lorraine M. Perkins, Sanford, Me.; Annie Elizabeth Tyson, Ansonville, N. C.; Lawrence Hedge, Harold and Lyle Witt, Epperson, Tenn.; Ida Mae and Sara Lee Elder, Athens, Tenn.; Louise Spalding, Evanston, Ill.; Richard West, Trenton, N. J.; Jane L. Hosmer, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mildred Larrabee, Schenectady, N. Y.; Betty Jane Baer, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Other new members in Massachusetts are — Jean Bytes, Ayer; Barbara Brett, Jeannette Wilcox, and Virginia Wigglesworth, Belmont; Isabel Muriel and Leonard Freeland, East Braintree; Dorothy Perkins, Dorchester.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 3, 5 is a heavy mist.

My 10, 6, 7, 8 is a head covering.

My 1, 11, 12, 9, 10 is a kind of tree.

My 2, 13, 13 is to make a mistake.

My whole is part of a sunshine creed.

M. J. W.

Can You Hit It?

Here are six words: fold, limb, ton, grass, steed, and coat. Change one letter in each word and have in each case the name of some mineral.

Then arrange these minerals in an irregular column so as to form, by spelling downwards, "a mark to be shot at."

—Boyland

Twisted Animals

1. Rulswa.
2. Ereniedr.
3. Slrreuq.
4. Babitr.
5. Leebe.
6. Alzrdi.
7. Geoghhed.
8. Lephtnae.

RACHEL CLARK,
CASTINE, ME.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 22

Watch Charades. — 1. Hour hand
2. Main spring.

King's Move. — Pine, juniper, hemlock, tamarack, spruce, fir, cedar, balsam redwood.

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